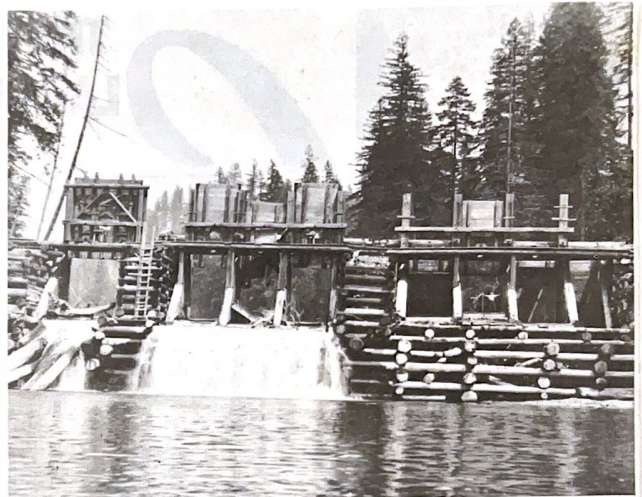




CAMAS paper mill picture in 1904, taken from the Bag Factory site, shows boiler in the background, the digester



This photo shows the second dam at Lackamas Lake, taken in about 1900.

## Machine Room Brawl Puts Light On Old Papermakers

(Article from the Post-Record Special Edition, May 14, 1953)

(This article was taken from "Making Paper," March 1928.

"Making Paper" was a corporation wide magazine put out by Crown Willamette during the 1920's. George "Smiley" Williams was at that time editor of the Camas section of the publication. In his introduction to the humorous article, Williams stated: "We reprint the following story of what happened in one of our old time paper mills in the pre-Volstead days. The story, which is supposed to be true, was first published in Superior

Facts and is in no sense a reflection on the present day paper maker who, we know, would never take a drink."

It happened in the old days of "hobo" paper makers who would work in one mill no longer than six months. It was Christmas Eve and the little village in which the paper mill was located was a picture of peace and beauty, the spirit of Yuletide filling the air.

"Slim" Madden, a roaming machine tender, "Shorty" Snow, a back tender, and "Old Mike" Ryan, a beater engineer, were good men at heart, but Christmas had a different meaning to them. They felt the spirit of the season, but the

lure of other "spirits" was greater.

On this Christmas Eve they reached the mill after a day spent in Mickey's Place. The mill superintendent sized up the trio carefully and was surprised to find them in such good condition. He gave them particular orders about the paper on which the machine was running. The paper was to be made before morning and shipped to the customer the day after Christmas.

When the super departed, Slim, Shorty and Old Mike resumed their thirst-quenching from one of three bottles and then proceeded to look things over. They felt invincible. Old

Mike immediately found fault with the stock and Slim agreed it could be made better. Mike strutted proudly into the beater room and ordered the beater helpers to stir up the stock in the beaters while he lowered the beater rolls several turns of the wheel. Then he decided that the stuff coming through the Jordan was much too coarse. He screwed the plug in almost half a turn of the hand wheel and with great pride noted that the stuff now "felt" right. Mike then joined Slim and Shorty to celebrate the fine work with another drink. They retired back of the machine for 15 minutes or more when a beater helper interrupted the session with a report that the stock in No. 3 beater was burning. The three

experts investigated and quickly decided that the helper's smeller was defective, and the stock went merrily on being ground to powder by the beater roll.

Very soon Mike's finely ground stuff appeared on the machine wire and the paper broke on the first press. When the trio discovered it, the wet broke had gone over the doctor, plugged the press, and before the trio began functioning magally the paper was piling up under the couch roll with the wire in danger of being spoiled. Mike ordered Slim to pull the gate valve, allowing the stock to run back into the stuff chest, thus relieving the impending jam. Bellowing his orders, Mike managed to clear the stock

from the first press rolls and start up the press again.

By this time the stuff under the couch rolls had passed back to the stuff chest and the shower water was running into it, thinning the stock and making a rather lightweight paper on the machine. And with the short stuff now all present, the world's most expert paper handler could not transfer the sheet from the wire to the first felt. The stuff resembled finely ground flour.

Shorty tried in vain for five minutes to slip the sheet from the couch roll. Slim got mad and pulled Shorty down off the frame by the trouser seat, but Slim had less success than Shorty in his efforts to slap the sheet across. Meanwhile Mike yelled all kinds of

suggestions and the other helpers stood around popeyed.

The calendars were plugged twice before a paper 30 pounds too heavy was placed on the reel. Meantime all hands hustled the broke which was piled all over the machine room and it was 1 a.m. To celebrate reaching the reel, all hands had more drinks.

The paper broke again soon and the room was piled with broke before the sheet was again brought to the reel. The whole crew was weary and one by one they fell into the various piles of broke and went fast asleep. In the fire room, both firemen had gone to sleep and the steam ebbed to a point where all the machinery was slowing down, for this was a steam driven mill.

At 3 a.m. the watchman entered the machine room as the machine came to a stop.

The beaters and Jordan had already ceased to function. To the watchman it seemed as though some powerful magic had stricken the place. He poked about in the broke piles and gradually located Slim, Shorty and Mike who in turn roused other members of the crew. In the boiler room they prodded the sleeping fireman so violently that the latter struck out in all directions and a free-for-all fight started. The old watchman quickly sank under some wild blows and dashed off to the superintendent's home, stopping enroute to send the town constable to the scene of the conflict.

Though this happened many years ago, you will hear the story of that wild Christmas Eve from the older residents of this town even to this day, when a big modern mill occupies the spot where the little one-machine mill once stood.

### LUMBERMEN PREDICT

Lumbermen predict Washington and Oregon will always be among the top producers of lumber products in the United States. Sound program forest management by private corporations, state and federal agencies assure a steady flow of timber from 45 million acres of timberland in the two states.

### FARMERS IN '29 DIDN'T LIKE PARKING LAW

(From "Makin' Paper", 1929). The two-hour parking law recently in effect in Camas is working a hardship on the farmers. This is a busy planting season and a representative of the rural districts came hurriedly to town the other day, expecting to stay but 15 or 20 minutes, but in his haste he inadvertently parked his car within the two-hour zone.

In telling it, the farmer said: "By heck, I didn't want to get into trouble with the town marshal, so I let the old bus stand there until the two hours were up."